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After the Treaty

The historic treaty between the United States, Britain and Soviet Russia banning all nuclear weapons tests in the atmosphere, under water and in outer space is being hailed throughout the world as a promising beginning of a new epoch in East-West relations. After all the bleak years of cold war and the recurring crises that found their climax in the near-collision over Cuba, the world breathes easier today and there is new hope that it can banish the threat of nuclear holocaust.

But, important as the treaty is for what it says and what it may portend, it is at best only a start toward larger goals. President Kennedy rightly warns that it is not the millennium and that the road ahead is still long and rocky. As he pointed out, it is a limited treaty which does not even stop all tests, though it would stop further lethal fallout. Both real disarmament and the political settlements that must go hand in hand with it remain far off.

The key to a solution of these problems is largely in Soviet hands. Premier Khrushchev agreed to the test-ban treaty he had previously rejected because, as Under Secretary of State Harriman says, he "very much wanted one at this time." The Soviet ruler says he wants more agreements. If so, the West will do its utmost to reach them. But will Khrushchev? And on what terms?

The hard fact is that Soviet Russia's signature on the treaty does not mark the end of its drive toward a Communist world triumph, though it may now pursue that goal by means short of nuclear war. In fact, both the treaty and the "nonaggression pact" Russia wants may become weapons in the Soviet "peace" arsenal—to line up Asia and Africa against the "war-mongering" Chinese Communists and to soften up the West for political settlements that would impair its alliances. As Mr. Khrushchev told the Chinese: "The struggle for peace, for peaceful coexistence, is organically bound up with the revolutionary struggle against imperialism. It weakens the front of imperialism, isolates its more aggressive circles from the masses of the people and helps in the struggle for national liberation." The West is warned.

Furthermore, the treaty itself can be abrogated if "extraordinary events" jeopardize "the supreme interests" of any of its signatories. The Russians insisted on this reservation, over a narrower definition proposed by the West, as an obvious safeguard against nuclear armament by other powers. They may have Germany in mind and certainly they are concerned about Communist China, which boasts that it will soon break the "white" nuclear monopoly. They may

to very little? Is it not a game that every country is playing with every other? A game that nobody can win? A game that isn't worth the effort?

Adjusting to Automation

The United Steelworkers of America and the employers with whom it deals have again demonstrated that collective bargaining can produce constructive answers to the problems of technological change without tests of economic muscle or Government coercion. The contracts just reached by the union and the major aluminum producers represent an imaginative extension of the progress-sharing principles embodied in the union's agreements with the steel and can companies.

All the aluminum workers—not just those with long seniority—will qualify for 10 weeks of vacation every five years, with 13 weeks' pay to help them enjoy their sabbatical. Fringe benefits will also be liberalized, but there will be no increase in direct money wages. The changes are designed to give the workers a share in the benefits of increased productivity on a basis that will expand total employment opportunities and avoid any increase in aluminum prices.

The new contracts, coupled with those already signed by the union through its joint Human Relations Committee in basic steel and its long-range committee in Kaiser Steel, ought to serve as a spur to the deadlocked negotiators in the nation's railroads. The guidelines for a sound agreement have been laid down by two Presidential commissions, created only because of the atrophy of the bargaining process in this pivotal industry.

Any formula Congress approves for barring a rail strike through legislative compulsion will set a damaging precedent. The month-long truce agreed to by the railroads provides a last opportunity for the unions to demonstrate that their concept of bargaining is not summed up in the single word "no."

Up to now they have been gambling on the proposition that the Government will continue to retreat in the face of their obduracy, and that finally they can extort a settlement that will saddle the carriers with thousands of unneeded jobs. The trouble with this venture in brinkmanship is not only that the gamble involves a strike in which the economy would be the chief victim but that a "victory" for the unions would jeopardize all job security by pushing the railroads closer to bankruptcy.

This is the lesson the disastrous 116-day strike of 1959 taught both sides in steel. Unfortunately, there is no sign yet that the railroad unions have achieved comparable enlightenment.

also mean France, busy building its own nuclear force.

President Kennedy is trying to persuade President de Gaulle to adhere to the treaty, but success is unlikely unless France, an acknowledged nuclear power, is put on a par with Britain and supplied with the same nuclear information we now give the British. If we did so, the purpose would not be to "cause, encourage or participate in" further French tests, which is forbidden by the treaty, but to make such tests unnecessary without hampering France's nuclear development.

French adherence to the new pact might prove a preliminary to agreement by France to join in building a NATO nuclear force and to restore Western solidarity. That is still an essential safeguard of peace.

The Art of Spying

Do not implicitly trust anything you read about spies and spying even if the source is impeccably official. By the accepted rules of the game, government statements may be deliberately false in order to mislead "the enemy." But, of course, they may be true. Naturally, truth is often very confusing.

The layman can be excused for ruminating in this fashion as he reads his morning newspaper. The cast of characters needs a Dickens or a Dostoevsky (not a historian, of course) to do justice to the parade of diplomats, scientists, journalists, homosexuals, prostitutes and—best of all—intelligence agents who betray their outfits and their fellow spies. Nothing could be more devious or fascinating than a double agent.

At least, it is comforting for the layman to contemplate the bungling and blindnesses of the professionals. Devotees of the whodunits surely could do better. Trained by Eric Ambler, Georges Simenon and Ian Fleming, they would never have permitted a Bay of Pigs invasion; a successful Christine Keeler; a fantastic 10-year career of ex-Nazi German intelligence officers providing the Russians with 15,000 photographs, 20 spools of tape and many a secret of the West Germans and NATO. Not that the Russians should boast; they had Penkovsky.

Even though the real spy cases may be stranger than fiction, you don't get the solutions as you do in the thrillers. Nothing could be more fascinating than the stories of the British journalist H. A. R. Philby, or the Swedish Air Force Col. Stig Wennerstrom; but at their most interesting points the volumes are snapped shut and put away in secret places where even intelligence chiefs, like characters in a Kafkaesque tale, probably cannot find them.

The outsider must be forgiven for believing that any time any government wants to arrest and/or expel X-number of spies, it digs into its files and comes up with the requisite quantity. When spies are under surveillance they are, unbeknownst, spying for the country they are spying on. The most dangerous spies of all are, to be sure, the ones who are never caught. There is nothing that the C.I.A., MI-5, K.B.G., Sureté and all the other intelligence and counter-intelligence organizations can do about them.

Is it not possible, in fact, that all this espionage and counter-espionage; all these agents and double agents, intelligence officers, counter-intelligence officers, plots and paraphernalia from infinitesimal microphones to beds, add up

Atlanta's Mayor Speaks
On rare occasions the oratorical fog on Capitol Hill is pierced by a voice resonant with courage and dignity. Such a voice was heard when Mayor Ivan Allen Jr. of Atlanta testified before the Senate Commerce Committee in support of President Kennedy's bill to prohibit racial discrimination in stores, restaurants and other public accommodations.

On the basis of the very substantial accomplishments that his city of a half-million, the largest in the Southeast, has made in desegregating publicly owned and privately owned facilities, he might have come as a champion of "states' rights" and of the ability of localities to banish discrimination without Federal law. Certainly, he would have had much more warrant to espouse that view than the Barretts, the Wallaces and the other arch-segregationists who raise the specter of Federal "usurpation" as a device for keeping Southern Negroes in subjection.

But Mr. Allen was not in Washington to boast. He was there to warn that even in cities like Atlanta the progress that had been made might be wiped out if Congress turned its back on the Kennedy proposal and thus gave implied endorsement to the concept that private businesses were free to discriminate. He left behind this charge to finish the job started with the Emancipation Proclamation a century ago: "Now the elimination of segregation, which is slavery's stepchild, is a challenge to all of us to make every American free in fact as well as in theory—and again to establish our nation as the true champion of the free world."

The Fiddlers

The long-legged, rasp-winged insects now come into their own, and we won't hear the last of them till hard frost arrives. They are the leaping fiddlers, the grasshoppers, the crickets and the katydids.

Grasshoppers are spoken of in the Bible as "locusts," and their hordes have contributed in many lands, including our own West, to the long history of insect devastation and human famine. Walk through any meadow now, or along any weedy roadside, and you will see them leaping ahead of you, hear the rasping rattle of their harsh wings in brief flight. But they do little real fiddling. The fiddlers now are the crickets.

Listen on any hot afternoon or warm evening, particularly in the country, and you will hear the crickets even though you seldom see them. In the afternoon you will hear the black field crickets, chirping as we say, and often into the warm evening. But in the evening, from dusk on through the warm night, the more insistent sound will be the trilling of the pale green tree crickets. Individually the tree cricket's trill is not so loud, but because all those in the neighborhood synchronize their trills the sound can be as insistent as were the calls of the spring peepers back in April.

The loudest fiddlers of all are the katydids, which look like green, hunch-backed grasshoppers. Night after night they rasp wing on wing and make that monotonous call, shrill and seemingly endless. But the katydids won't be heard for another two weeks or so. Meanwhile the crickets possess late July, chirping and trilling the warm hours away as though summer endured forever.